

few passers-by in the desert of squares and streets have the look of uneasy spirits risen from their graves. It is appalling. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the city, one has the spleen; one meditates suicide." That was written some years ago and perhaps London has changed some, but not a great deal. It seemed as quiet on Sunday morning as Edinburgh did on the preceding Sunday, and that is saying a great deal. In the afternoon in going to church I had occasion to pass along the Strand, London's great thoroughfare. It was almost deserted. On a week day it is one seething mass of humanity. All this did not suit M. Taine and gave him the blues. It had just the opposite effect on the Christian. He rejoices to see the greatest city in the world observing the Lord's day. About dark the crowds begin to move and some of the penny picture shows begin to open, and I saw a few saloons open as I returned from church at night. But during the daylight hours of the Sabbath London is closed tight and fast and the people are observing the day quietly.

I made every lawful effort on Saturday to find out something about churches and church services. I bought several papers hoping to find some church notices. But I found none. I went to some Christian publishing houses and inquired about churches and services, but learned very little. I thought they could at least tell me in what paper I could find church notices. At last I appealed to the hall porter, who is a walking bureau of information in these English hotels, but he gave me very little light. I wanted to attend a Presbyterian church, but I could not even locate one. I know there are a number of them in London. I know too that there must be some way of getting the information he needs in regard to churches. It was a way. I thought of what would have happened if I had not been interested in churches. I suppose I would have just drifted as thousands do. There ought to be some way even in a great city like London to bring churches directly to the people, strangers and all. I know it is a great problem. I wondered, too, if the stranger in our American cities finds it difficult to get the information he needs in regard to churches. If all ended in my deciding to go to the morning service at Westminster Abbey, which was not far from my hotel, and to the evening service at Wesley's Chapel.

The service began at ten o'clock at Westminster Abbey. We, my Methodist friends and I, were there on time. The congregation was not large, but people kept pouring in until practically every seat was filled. It seemed very strange to be worshipping there among the statues of England's great men. It is very much like worshipping in a cemetery. Nor were they all good men, the men represented by those statues and tablets. Some of them were bad enough. Things get fearfully and wonderfully mixed over here where they have a State Church. The nation's heroes have monuments and statues in the churches and cathedrals regardless of what may have been the moral and religious character of these heroes. We have been accustomed to associating good people with churches. It is not so here. They went through with the regular Church of England service, with all sorts of intonations and incantations and with all manner of vestments and paraphernalia. They say

it is very beautiful. That may all be so, but my poor soul would starve on a Cathedral service.

Canon H. Hensley Henson was the preacher. I had read a book of sermons by him and had read much of him. He is one of the most scholarly and one of the most thoughtful men in the Anglican Church. But he is too liberal with the non-conformists to be popular with the Anglicans. Recently he accepted an invitation from Rev. J. H. Jowett to speak at some meeting in Digbeth Institute, Birmingham. The Bishop of that territory immediately protested, saying that Canon Henson had not gotten his permission to speak in Birmingham. Canon Henson replied that he was going to speak in a non-conformist church and did not need the permission of the Bishop at Birmingham. As a result Canon Henson is on trial at this moment for going to Birmingham without the Bishop's permission. I give this little incident not only to show Canon Henson's liberality, but to throw a little sidelight on conditions over here.

The text was I Cor. 15: 1-4, and the whole drift of the sermon was a defense of the historical gospel. It was an evangelical and scriptural sermon and centered about the cross. I was glad to hear such a sermon in Westminster Abbey and from a man who is considered a free lance. When I came out I was rather shocked to find numbers of vendors at each gate selling post cards of the Abbey. Canon Henson ought to play the part of Nehemiah for awhile and drive them away.

But it was the evening service that interested me most. That was at Wesley's Chapel. John Wesley himself laid the cornerstone of that chapel in 1777, during the days of the American Revolution, and he was pastor of the chapel for a number of years. We went a little early that we might see Wesley's monument before service. Before I speak of that, let me say a word or two about the old cemetery just across the street from the chapel. It is called Bunhill Fields Cemetery. Originally Bunhill was probably Bonehill. This was the burying ground of the non-conformists from 1640 to 1852. It is not very large and yet 120,000 people are buried in it. They have a way in London of digging graves fifty feet deep and burying people on top of one another until it is full. I believe I had rather be cremated. We went into this old cemetery and stood by the graves of John Bunyan, John Owen, Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, Susannah Wesley, and other notables. We felt that we were on holy ground. John Wesley is not buried in this cemetery, but in the little cemetery behind his chapel. There is a very simple monument over his grave. There is another and better one in front of the church.

But the hour of service has arrived. The evening service in all the churches over here is at half past six or seven. The regular minister was on his vacation. A very young man was supplying the pulpit. There was a large congregation. The people did not take the absence of their pastor as an excuse to stay at home or run around some where else. The congregational singing was the finest I have heard in England. Literally everybody sang. But these English people just will not sing any tune that I know. Even when I know the words, which is rare,